

The Mirror

OF

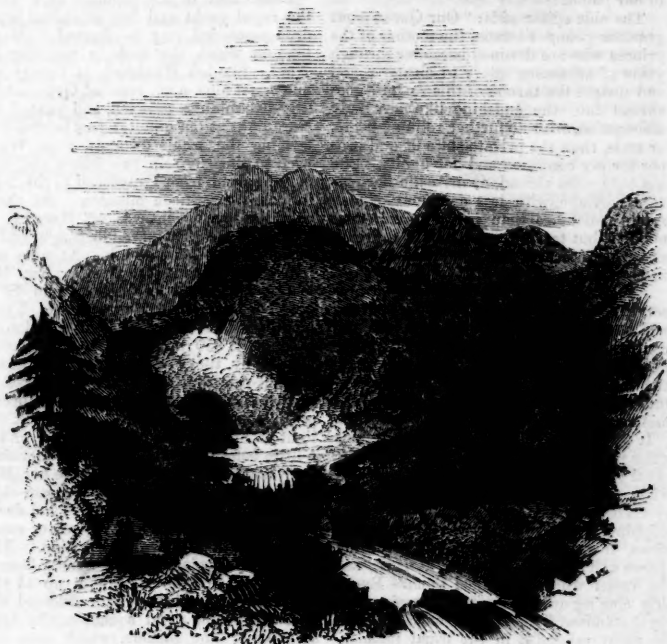
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Progresses of sovereigns are events to which great interest usually attaches. The minutest incident which occurred centuries ago is treasured up in families honoured with the presence of royalty. Queen Victoria in again visiting

“Caledonia bleak and wild,”

shows a more than ordinary taste for the beauties of nature. In her wide dominions, perhaps, no scenery can be witnessed in which the sublime and the beautiful are more strikingly blended than in the woods and glens of Blair Atholl, the Falls of Bruar, and the Pass of Killiecrankie.

Great rejoicings are witnessed, but as the *Court Journal* remarks, “the old system of royal progresses is at an end. It has given place to a system more congenial
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to the spirit of our age and institutions. Whoever has had so much loyalty, antiquarian and retrospective, as to consult one of the Books of Progresses, which have been published by sundry sincere worshippers of state regalia, will have a vivid recollection of the number of trumpets and halberts, kettle-drums and battle-axes, fifes, heralds, and sergeants-at-arms, who were considered in the good old times indispensable to the retinue of the sovereign of this country, when he or she thought fit to move out of London, or through London, or to make any public passage from one place to another. The notion of the sovereign, apart from the flags and bedizened horsemen, was an abstract idea, which never entered into the imagination of the worthy people of England.

“*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* The

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banners and brass instruments, the quarterings, pousuivants, and proclamations, are all over. A procession such as used to escort Queen Elizabeth from London to Greenwich, or to the gates of Temple Bar, to receive the keys of the City from a Lord Mayor, robed up to the chin in furs, as if he were first magistrate of the North Pole, would astonish the unsophisticated senses of our public."

The able editor adds: "Our Queen—our gracious young Victoria, the mother of the princes who are destined hereafter through years of advancing glory to cluster round and sustain the throne of this realm—goes abroad into the sunshine like any lady amongst us, with no further retinue, pomp, or state, than the private suite fit and proper for her condition and her habits. She not only rides abroad, or drives in her private carriage, with less ceremony of outriders sometimes than many of her great nobility, but traverses the public railroad, and when occasion serves, "takes her ease in her inn."

As an historical fact, worthy to be preserved, the following outline of the journey will be acceptable to most readers. It will contrast, not less remarkably with the time necessarily consumed in former days on such an expedition, than does modern costume with the unwieldy state dresses of the middle ages.

It was on the 9th instant, at twenty minutes past nine, in the morning, that the royal yacht cast off her moorings at Woolwich, and got weigh upon her. As she proceeded on her course, the shores and shipping were crowded with persons anxious, if possible, to catch a view of the Queen and Prince Albert, or, at least, see the vessel which contained them. Every ship coming up the river, and seeing the royal standard flying at the mast-head of the yacht, saluted it in the usual manner, by dipping their colours, while their crews assembled aft, and cheered her Majesty as the vessels swiftly passed each other. As the yacht neared the village of Stone, one of her Majesty's steamers was observed coming up the river at full speed. She proved to be the *Lightning*, the vessel which conveyed his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia to the Continent at the conclusion of his visit to this country. The intelligence was conveyed to her Majesty and Prince Albert by Captain Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, and her Majesty commanded his Lordship to telegraph the *Lightning* to send a boat on board the yacht immediately. A boat was accordingly lowered from the *Lightning*, and rowed with great rapidity to the yacht, and the required and gratifying information of the safe landing of his Royal Highness Prince William of Prussia was conveyed by the commanding

officer of the *Lightning* to her Majesty. Hitherto the yacht had not been going at full speed, but when she had passed Tilbury Fort and Gravesend, she increased it to nearly its maximum. When the royal yacht arrived at the Nore, the Ocean, flagship at Sheerness, fired a royal salute. There was no man-of-war of any description at the Nore.

Some idea of the rapidity with which the royal yacht and her attendant squadron proceeded may be formed from the time in which she took in reaching the Nore. She left Woolwich at twenty minutes past nine, a.m., reached Gravesend at fifty-five minutes past ten, and passed the Nore light at ten minutes past twelve, performing the whole distance from Woolwich to the Nore in two hours and fifty minutes, and from Gravesend to the Nore in one hour fifteen minutes. At three, p.m., the royal yacht was off Harwich, at a quarter past five off Aldborough, and at ten o'clock off Yarmouth. At nine and half-past ten, a.m., on Tuesday, her Majesty passed Flamboro' Head, and Scarborough, and at half-past three, p.m., Tynemouth. The distance from London to this port is 320 miles, and it was accomplished by the royal yacht in 29 hours. At half-past four the royal yacht reached Seaton Roads. At seven, she was abreast of Bamborough Castle. At midnight, the light of St Abb's Head was visible; and at a little before two the following morning, the yacht entered the Tay, where her Majesty was met by the splendid steam-ship, the *Perth*, brilliantly illuminated and decked from stem to stern with colours of every description and of every nation. The *Perth* was appointed by the Trinity Board-house to escort the Sovereign up to the Tay. The instant the *Perth* observed the approach of the royal squadron, she fired blue lights and rockets, which were answered by others further up the Tay; and, the atmosphere being remarkably bright, in a short space of time the joyous news of her Majesty's arrival was known throughout Dundee. At a quarter to nine, a.m., her Majesty landed safely from the royal barge, and immediately proceeded, with her suite, in four of the royal carriages, *en route* to the Highlands. Her Majesty and the Prince, with their suite, arrived at Blair Athol, at a quarter past three, p.m. The journey, it is said, was never performed so expeditiously before.

There are some martial recollections connected with the spot to which she now repairs. "The Castle of Blair Athol," says the *Britannia*, "was seized for Viscount Dundee, the gallant and devoted adherent of the unfortunate James, in 1689. Advancing to the castle, which was threatened by the troops of William III, Dun-

dee learned that the enemy had entered the pass. Without an instant's hesitation he resolved on battle. He gave the signal, and his followers, with brave impetuosity, burst upon their foes, sword in hand, and utterly routed them. The battle was won in seven minutes from the moment of the charge, and twelve hundred of William's forces were left dead on the field. But the victory was dearly won, for Dundee fell by a random shot at the moment of triumph. It is to this battle that Scott makes his aged minstrel in the "Lay" allude in those noble lines which form the opening of the fourth canto:—

"Sweet Terviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring balfires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves since Time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle horn.
Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy
Fell by the side of the great Dundee.
Why, when the vollying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid!
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conquering Græme."

The ancient chapel of Blair Atholl is now mouldering into ruins, and forms one of the most picturesque objects within the grounds of the castle. This ruin is doubly interesting, as being the burial place of every highland chieftain of ancient descent and lofty lineage; but the chief object of interest within its moss-grown walls is the tomb of the celebrated Claverhouse, whose body was brought to Blair Atholl after the battle of Killiecrankie, and received honourable interment from the Atholl family, against whom he had so long combated with such terrific energy and effect. Every traveller and tourist makes a pilgrimage to the tomb of this celebrated hero, and the descendants of the Covenanters still shudder at the bare mention of the name of the "bloody Claverhouse."

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

A new association under the above name, over which Lord Conyngham is to preside, has recently been formed. Its object may be described in the words of his lordship on the occasion of their first meeting last week in the Town Hall at Canterbury. "We have come here," said his lordship, "to investigate, to preserve, and illustrate our

national monuments. We are combined to protect and save the noble edifices of our Gothic forefathers, and by the force of our example to induce the ruder inhabitants of this celebrated city to spare and protect the antiquarian objects so immediately around them, to take an architectural interest in their cathedral, nor pass unheeded by the rude green hillocks of the dead—the Barrows in the park at Bourne, or on the Downs immediately adjoining."

These objects are good, and as the society boasts already many eminent names, much that is valuable and interesting may be expected to result from their inquiries. Certain ludicrously unfortunate passages, however, appear in the notices of their proceedings at or near Canterbury.

In the *Athenæum* we find a report of some flourishes of Sir William Betham, which, though entertaining to read, do not seem to have been remarkably pertinent on the occasion.

"Sir William began by enlarging on the usefulness of an antiquary, and the ill-nature of a critic in the *Quarterly Review*, who had called him a credulous gentleman, an Irishman, who wished to make everything Irish. Indignant at the accusation, Sir William exclaimed, 'I am an Englishman,' as boastfully as Sir Philip Sydney has exclaimed, 'I am a Dudley by the mother's side; my chief boast is that I am a Dudley.' This over, he enlarged on the Tower of Belus, on the supposed history of Semiramis; that Semiramis was an earlier kind of Britannia, and that Lobson spoke a different language from Jacob."

What this Canterbury tale had to do with Canterbury or its antiquities, Sir William did not think it necessary to explain, and the hearers likened him to the clever gentleman described by Lord Bolingbroke, who was so overflowing with knowledge, that when asked a question he gave information on all sorts of subjects but the particular one in regard to which it was solicited.

"But let that pass." The association proceeded to Barnham Downs, where the discovery of human remains, bones, glass, and pottery, rewarded their labours. Afterwards, as Lord Albert Conyngham had provided a luncheon for the party, they adjourned to his lordship's seat, near Bourne. From the house they adjointed to a paddock off the park, where four Saxon barrows were laid open. In one of these graves was discovered a small urn, about eight inches high, of red pottery ware, a glass of thin green manufacture, and two or three small bronze ornaments, the clasps of a purse, as was conjectured by Mr. C. Roach Smith and other members of the association.

At the evening meeting, Mr. Pettigrew

being called upon to offer any remarks that occurred to him on what they had seen, mentioned that the first barrow explored contained the remains of a child eleven or twelve years of age—these remains were not perfect. There were also a quantity of glass beads and a necklace. In the next grave were found the bones of a female about the middle stature. A necklace was also found, and a dagger lay by her side. No instance of a spear being found in the burial-place of a female in one of these barrows had ever before been known. In another barrow several bones had been found belonging to a male who was in the prime of life when he died, as proved by the state of the bones when found. He would be answerable that the bones had not been interred more than fifty years. He did think the party, whomsoever it might be, had not been legitimately buried. Probably these remains belonged to some one who had been murdered; certainly they were neither Roman nor Saxon remains.

It was rather disappointing to have relics supposed to be twelve or thirteen centuries old brought down to the level of bones of yesterday. Professor Buckland would not give up the point. He said:—

“Having had about twenty years’ experience in the study of bony substances, both of the animal and the human species, he believed himself competent to form an opinion upon what he had witnessed during the day. Latterly he had turned his attention to remains found in ‘barrows,’ and he could with the utmost confidence declare that the remains were most decidedly Saxon remains of the fifth and sixth century.”

“Who shall decide when doctors disagree,” of course occurred to every one. The Professor went on in a strain that surprised most of his hearers. He had found two earth worms in one of the recently opened pits, and this is the way in which he mentioned them:—

“At the bottom of one of these graves he had discovered a small portion of surface mould, which he was led at first to believe was thrown there by our Saxon forefathers, just as we do now at our interments, when we commit ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, but he found, as he went on, two earth-worms six inches long, and infinitely obliged was he to these worms, that had come down to devour this Saxon.”

Infinitely obliged to the earth-worms! He will next ask them to dinner, perhaps. But, seriously, that the modern Protestant ceremony, committing earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, should be inferred from finding a handful of surface earth in a barrow just opened has in it so much of

burlesque, that we can hardly proceed with gravity.

“What should be *grave* he turns to farce.”

One other piece of wisdom from the same source must be placed on record. The doctor had seen some pigeons about Canterbury Cathedral. There birds are sometimes mischievous to the roofs of buildings; but what did Professor Buckland apprehend from them? Nothing less than that they might set Canterbury Cathedral on fire! Set it on fire by the spontaneous combustion of the “guano” they were likely to leave behind them. Really if such luminous announcements are often to be made by this new association, the Archaeological Society will gain for itself a ridiculous reputation which our contemporary, *Punch*, may envy; but we hope for better things from it in its future progress. The surveyor to the Cathedral, a plain-spoken man, gave a just satire on the learned Professor’s alarms, by hinting that the pigeons were just as likely to *set the Thames on fire!*

MADELON LAPPERRIERE, THE TRUMPETER’S DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

BY WILL O’ THE WISP.

There once lived in the Rue—it doesn’t matter what—in the good city of Paris, a certain, not very celebrated artist, named Michael Angelo Muller. At the moment we are about to introduce the artist to our readers, he was standing, palette and brushes in hand, admiring the portrait of an ass, evidently just completed. “Beautiful,” he exclaimed, glancing round the room, the walls of which were covered with portraits of the same lively animal; “I never painted a more superb ass in all my life. But I must be off to the Rue St. Honoré, or—”

At this moment the door was burst open, and first a servant, and then a young gentleman, rushed into the room. The latter, embracing the artist, cried, “Here I am, uncle! Throw the arms of that venerable dressing-gown round my neck, and embrace your nephew.”

“Sacré!” ejaculated the artist, “do you mean to strangle me! I thought you were hanged long ago.”

“No, no, uncle,” was the reply, “I never could be so undutiful as to take precedence of you in that interesting ceremony.”

“Well, sir, and what is your business in Paris now? I thought I had provided for you, when I instructed you in the noble art of painting. I taught you gratis, sirrah, and allowed you to copy all my chef-d’œuvres.”

“All your asses you mean, uncle.”

"Well, sir, asses, I don't deny it; every great painter has his line, his peculiar walk in art; mine," said Michael Angelo Muller, importantly, "mine is the walk of the ass. No matter—what brought you here?"

"Love, and my nag of ten toes, uncle—the little god without the indescribables has given me such a stinger. I'll tell you how it happened. Three months ago, when I quitted this beloved roof, I turned my toes towards Lyons, and went forth with half a franc in my pocket as a travelling painter."

"And what did you paint on your travels?"

"Asses, uncle! I kept in your line, and painted nothing but asses. From respect to you I stuck to the ass. I may say I lived upon asses all the way from Paris to Lyons. In the best parlour of every inn on the road, you'll find copies of yourself, for while the landlord was drawing my bill, I was drawing a picture to pay my little account."

"You paid your bill like an ancient Roman, *as in presenti*."

"Um, oh! yes, yes! but to come to the point. I arrived at Lyons, and there I beheld such a creature. Talk of your Venus de Medici—she was a cinder wench to her."

"What is that to me? What do you want?"

"Your blessing, uncle, and a trifle of money, that I may go and throw myself at the feet of the idol of my affection."

"Money!" cried the artist, in a tone of horror; "how dare you ask me for money, you graceless boy? Quit my room—there's the door."

"But, uncle, only hear me."

"No, sir, I've heard enough."

"It's no use shaking me off, I'll stick to you like birdlime."

"We'll see that, Master Phillipot," said Muller, having pushed him out, and locking the door.

"Hallo, uncle," cried Phillipot, through the key-hole; "I'll be back with you to supper. Good bye, good bye."

"Thank goodness, he's gone at last," said the artist. "Here, Robin, my coat and wig."

"There you are, sir," cried the servant, issuing from the closet, where he had taken refuge, clapping the wig on his master's head, which caused a cloud of flour to fly from it.

"Now, Robin," said the artist, as he dressed himself, "attend to me. I expect a young female here from the country this evening."

"A young female, sir," echoed Robin, surveying his master with a look of intense wonder, "Lor."

"Don't be a fool, Robin. The girl I expect is the daughter of my old school-fellow, Captain Lapperriere."

"Oh! beg pardon, sir," interrupted Robin. "Wasn't that him that ran away with the rich banker's daughter many years ago?"

"The same. She was a beautiful girl! and an only child, but her father would never receive her—confound that laundress,—nor forgive her, because—she never leaves a button on my shirt—because she married a poor subaltern. Well, soon after his marriage, Lapperriere marched with the army to Russia. In that disastrous campaign he fell, and his wife, who had accompanied him, died on the field of battle in giving birth to a female child. A few days before Lapperriere was killed, he wrote a letter to me, in which by a sort of presentiment of his fate, he confided to my care, in the event of his death, his wife and child. The poor lady died, but the infant was picked up by an old trumpeter of the 11th Chasseurs, and was nursed by his wife. From this circumstance she has obtained, in the regiment, where she has remained ever since, the name of the 'Trumpeter's Daughter.'"

"But may I ask, sir," said Robin, "why you did not obtain the guardianship of the young lady sooner?"

"Wh—why—a—a—there—there was a reason for that," stammered the artist.

"And now, sir, do you mean to be a father to her for the remainder of your life?"

"Father, indeed! I mean to be her husband, Robin, and—what's that noise?"

"Only the sweeps in the next chimney," said Robin; and, as his master had finished dressing, he put his cap and red gown into the closet, and they left the room.

They had hardly done so a minute, before a pair of legs appeared hanging down the flue, evidently fishing for the top bar of the grate. They then slipped down to the hearth, and our old friend Phillipot proved to be the owner of them. "I told uncle I should be back, and I've kept my word," soliloquised that respectable individual, sitting down in a chair; "by the way, it's more than I ever did to my tailor. I bribed the urchin who was sweeping the chimneys next door to introduce me into the flue, and so dropped in quite in the family way, without ceremony. Now, I'll take another peep at the portrait of the enslaver of my susceptible heart. There she is," he continued, taking a rough portrait from his pocket. "The beautiful Trumpeter's Daughter! painted by this faithful hand, as I first beheld her marching with her regiment through the streets of Lyons. Heigho! I attended parade as regularly as the drummer every morning for three weeks, but could never get near enough to speak to her. Ha! there's somebody coming." He had hardly time to slip behind a chair when Robin entered, followed by a

handsome young woman, in the costume of a vivandiere, who Phillipot, much to his surprise, recognised as the Trumpeter's Daughter.

"So this is to be my billet. Well, there's my luggage," said Madelon, throwing down her knapsack; "but where's the commandant?"

"The commandant," echoed Robin.

"Yes, the governor of the garrison—this new guardian of mine, M. Muller."

"Oh, ma'amse, he was obliged to go abroad on a little business, but he will soon return, and be delighted to meet you here."

"Oh, he needn't hurry himself," said Madelon, taking a survey of the room. The walls were completely covered with portraits of asses; a supper table stood in one corner, and in a recess near the window was placed a figure dressed as Julius Caesar, and a curtain to draw before it.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Madelon; "I say, is that old scaramouch meant to represent M. Muller?"

"Oh, dear, no! that is our decoy bird."

"What's that?"

"Why, that is a dummy figure, that we dress up every morning, and put in a chair near the window, so that the people on the other side of the way think some great man is sitting for his portrait. Sometimes he is an admiral, and sometimes he's a bishop. Last week he was a popular preacher, this he is to be a favourite actor in the character of Julius Caesar."

"I tell you what, my friend," said Madelon, "I don't half like my new quarters."

"You'll like them better when master's married you."

"Married me!" echoed Madelon, "ha! ha! ha!"

"He! he! he!" laughed Phillipot, forgetting himself.

"Who laughed?" said Madelon, looking round in surprise.

"I don't know," answered Robin, in an alarmed voice, looking about the room, but Phillipot stole into the closet unobserved; "I thought it was you."

"Never mind, I'm not afraid. Set down the candle, and I'll take forty winks in this chair, till M. Muller returns," said Madelon, throwing herself into an arm-chair, "I'm dead tired with my march."

Robin left the room, and Madelon composed herself to sleep.

In the meantime, Phillipot, in the closet, had arrayed himself in his uncle's dressing gown and red cap. "I think I furnish a splendid copy of an old master," thought he, as he stepped out, and surveyed himself in the glass. "This cap and red gown would make me pass anywhere for my uncle's duplicate. Hem, hem, ma'amse. Hey, she's asleep." He approach-

ed her as he spoke, when, starting up, she cried—

"Halt, there, fall back. Ah, surely 'tis my guardian, M. Muller."

"Wonderful penetration," said Phillipot, in an old man's voice. "It is your affectionate guardian that presses you to his agitated shirt-frills."

"What a very warm embrace the old gentleman gives," thought Madelon.

"She's the very image of her departed sire," said Phillipot, holding her at arms' length. "Come to my arms again for his sake."

"Ah, you knew my poor father well."

"Knew him, he was my bosom friend; we fought together side by side."

"Then you have been a soldier?" asked Madelon, eagerly.

"Soldier, oh yes, for several years; I carried the colours."

"Brave man. But you were speaking of my father."

"Yes, of my dear friend Alfred."

"Alfred, his name was Charles."

"Ah, to be sure, you're right. My head is not so sound as it was before I received the sabre cut at the battle of —, where I killed fourteen of the enemy. I often lose my memory altogether; but sit down, and tell me, has any good looking young fellow stolen this little heart yet?"

"No, no, 'tis here safe enough," answered Madelon.

"Yes, yes, but I mean has any particular person created a tender feeling in that quarter?"

Madelon shook her head.

"Eh, no; have you never seen at Lyons an interesting individual—a stranger?"

"What," said Madelon, with great animation, "a young painter, in a blue coat and a brown study, who appeared every morning at parade. Why one would think you borrowed his eyes. Ah! poor fellow, I certainly did feel—but perhaps you may blame me."

"Oh no, not at all, no woman could be blamed for admiring such a very superior young man. In fact, he's my own nephew."

"Ah, then, that accounts for the eyes."

"Oh, quite. I esteem him so much that if I thought you loved him, I'd snuff out the candle of my hopes, nip my young affections in the bud, and say, 'Take him, Madelon, make poor Phillipot happy, and Heaven bless you both.'"

"You would," cried Madelon; "oh! my dear guardian, let me embrace you."

"A thousand times if you wish, my dear."

"How I pity my unfortunate uncle," thought Phillipot.

"I may now acknowledge to you that I do love your nephew."

"Oh, my dear child, you have made me

so happy, that if you will shut your eyes I'll bring him to you in a moment."

"You will. Bless your dear old heart," said Madelon, shutting her eyes.

Phillipot ran into the closet, and hastily divesting himself of his uncle's dressing gown and "spees," came out again, and speaking in his natural voice, said, "Madelon."

"Who goes there?"

"Phillipot."

"Are you indeed Phillipot?"

"Yes," said he, taking her hand. "Behold me; no, don't open your eyes—imagine me."

At this moment the voice of Muller struck his ears, and uttering an exclamation—and not a very pious one—he jumped out of the window as the artist entered.

"Well," said Madelon, "why don't you go on?"

"Eh," said Muller, going on tiptoe to look at her. "What's that she's saying? Poor thing, she's asleep and dreaming. I won't disturb her. Zooks, she's a charming little creature. He! he! he!"

"Why don't you speak?" said Madelon, who had not heard the artist's soliloquy. "I'm not angry, you take my hand again. If you don't I'll open my eyes," continued she, looking about her in surprise at seeing nobody but Muller in the red cap. "Ah! he's gone, he's deserted. Pshaw! my old guardian again."

"Hem! hem!" said the artist; "ma'am-selle, my name's Muller."

"Well, I know that," said Madelon, pettishly.

"How the deuce did she know that," thought he. "Hem, you're quite welcome to Paris and my little domicile, ma'am-selle. Permit me to have the pleasure of a salute."

"Oh, you've had salutes enough already. Besides, you nearly stifle me."

"I stifle you, what does the girl mean?"

"Oh Heavens! how old you are grown," said Madelon, noticing his face, "I don't like you half so well as I did awhile ago."

"Why you never set eyes upon me till this moment."

"How can you forget? Oh, 'tis that terrible wound in your head."

"Wound, I have no wound."

"Oh, yes, you have, you know you received it at the battle where you killed fourteen of the enemy."

"I killed fourteen of the enemy."

"My poor guardian's memory is quite gone," thought Madelon.

"Well, well, Madelon, we'll talk no more of these matters, now. I knew you would be tired and hungry after your journey, so I got a little supper for you. He! he! he! we shall be as merry as crickets, so give me a kiss to relish my appetite."

"No, sir," said Madelon, dodging him round the table.

"Pooh, pooh, I must have one."

"Then come and take it, if you can."

The artist now chased her round the table, and even went so far as to try to jump over a chair, but, luckless mortal, it was more than he could clear, and both himself and the chair rolled on the ground.

"Oh! lift us up," roared the artist, kicking about like a frog in convulsions, for he it known the artist was very fat.

As Madelon assisted him to regain his feet, Robin poked in his head, and said, "Here's a letter for you, sir, requiring your attendance at the barracks of the national guard."

"Pooh!" said the artist, "its some mistake, you should have told the messenger I was exempt."

"So I did. 'Master,' says I, 'is more than sixty years of age, and can't mount guard.'"

"You're a fool, Robin. I'll go this moment, and see what it means."

"Take your umbrella with you," said Madelon, "for it rains heavily, and if you don't come back, why good night."

(To be continued.)

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE RETURN.

Agricola had scarcely been absent five minutes before he returned, his face pale, tears in his eyes, and his hands trembling. He remained a few moments at the door, as if his inward emotions prevented him from approaching his mother.

"Well, my son, what is the matter?" demanded Madame Baudoin, while the poor Mayeux, in silence, gazed at Agricola in astonishment mingled with fear.

"O, mother," said the artizan, in an altered voice, "you must prepare yourself to hear something that will astonish you. Promise that you will be calm and reasonable."

"What is the matter, Agricola? How you tremble! How pale you are!"

"O, my good mother—you do not know; but you must be prudent—you are going to be very happy; but sometimes sudden joy is as fatal in its effects as sudden grief."

"What do you mean, my son?"

"I was right in telling you that he would arrive."

"Your father!" cried Madame Baudoin, rising from her chair; but her surprise was so great that she remained motionless,

pressing her heart with her hand to calm its beatings.

"Courage, my mother—the first blow is over—you have now only to enjoy the happiness of once more beholding my father."

"My poor Dagobert! After ten years' absence—I cannot believe it true. Is it so, my son?"

"Yes, it is true; and if you promise to stifle your emotions, I will tell you when you will see him."

"It will be soon—will it not?"

"Yes; perhaps to-morrow—perhaps to-night—perhaps at this hour." Then rushing to the door, he opened it, and Dagobert and the two daughters of General Simon entered.

Madame Baudoin, instead of throwing herself in the arms of her husband, fell upon her knees, and breathed forth a prayer to God, thanking him for his goodness, and acknowledging her gratitude for the safe deliverance of her husband.

For a few seconds the actors in this scene remained silent and motionless, while each countenance expressed tender veneration for that excellent woman, who, in her religious fervour, forgot in such a time the creature for the Creator.

Madame Baudoin at length rose, and approached her husband, who received her in his arms. For a few minutes they remained thus, giving vent to tears of joy, but when they withdrew their heads, the countenances of this reverential couple were calm and serene—for the expression of pure, simple, and natural affection never leaves behind it violent agitation.

"My children," said the soldier, looking at the orphans, "this is my good and worthy wife. She will be to the daughters of General Simon what I have been myself."

"The daughters of General Simon!" cried Madame Baudoin, in surprise and admiration; "poor dear creatures. They seem like two angels, and so like each other. Dear children; they are cold, their little hands are frozen. What a pity the fire is out!" then she began to rub the hands of the orphans in hers.

The Mayeux, on hearing these words, desirous of making herself useful, ran to the closet for some wood, kindled the fire, filled the coffee-pot with water, and put it on the flames. The poor girl accomplished this with so little noise that it was not perceived by any one. Suddenly the barking of a dog was heard.

"O it's my old faithful friend Rabat-joie," said Dagobert, approaching the door. "He also wishes to get acquainted with the family."

Rabat-joie bounded into the room, and after rubbing its head against the hand of Dagobert, it approached Rose and Blanche, looked at Agricola, then at his mother, and

seeing that no attention was paid him, he went up to the Mayeux, who was sitting in an obscure corner of the room, and putting into practice the popular saying, "The friends of our friends are our friends," he began to lick the hands of the young girl, who at this moment had been forgotten by all. At this caress the tears started to the eyes of the Mayeux. She put her hand upon the head of the faithful Rabat-joie, and patted it; then, thinking that she could render no further service, she rose and left the room without being perceived.

After expressions of sincere affection having passed on all sides, Dagobert, his wife, and son, began to think of the realities of life.

"Dagobert," said Madame Baudoin. "I am sorry that we have not better accommodation for the daughters of General Simon."

"Do not be uneasy about that," Dagobert said; "the poor girls are not difficult to please. To-morrow I will go arm-in-arm with my brave son, to find General Simon's father at Mr. Hardy's, and, I assure you, our gait shall be a proud one."

"No," said Agricola, "you will neither find M. Hardy nor the father of Marshal Simon at the manufactory."

"What is that you say, my son—the Marshal?"

"Yes. A few friends of the General succeeded in establishing the title and grade which the emperor conferred upon him after the battle of Ligny."

"Do you hear that, my children," said Dagobert, with emotion; "you arrive at Paris daughters of a duke and marshal. Any one seeing you in this humble habitation would not think that of you, my poor little duchesses. Father Simon must have been glad when he heard that of his son. What did he say, my boy?"

"He said he would give grades, titles, and all to see his son. However, from the last letters of the Marshal, he is expected soon."

At these words Rose and Blanche looked at each other, and their eyes filled with tears.

"God be praised," said Dagobert; "these poor children and I shall be happy to see him. But where is Father Simon and Mr. Hardy?"

"Ten days ago they went to the south to examine an improved English furnace."

"How vexing. I relied on seeing the General's father, as I wish to speak to him about affairs of the greatest importance. We shall find out where he is; then you can write to him my son, and tell him of the arrival of his two granddaughters. For the present, my little dears, you must be patient; you have not found Paris the golden city you had pictured in your imaginations. Patience, patience; you will see

by and bye that Paris is not so bad as it appears."

"I am sure," said Agricola, gaily, "the arrival of General Simon will change Paris into a true city of gold for the young ladies."

"You are right, Mons. Agricola," said Rose. "You guess what will make us happy."

"How is it that you know my name, Mademoiselle?"

"We used to speak about you with Dagobert, and lately with Gabriel."

"Gabriel," cried Agricola and his mother in surprise."

"Yes," Dagobert said. "It will take fifteen days to tell you everything; and, amongst other things, how we met Gabriel. What a brave young man; and how worthy he is of being loved as a brother. My good Frances, so poor! and to have adopted this unfortunate child! What an excellent creature!"

"My brave husband, do not speak so; it was my duty. I could not look upon the poor child but with a bleeding heart."

"How did you meet my brother? strange! yet how fortunate."

"As you are going to give me the half of your room to-night, we shall chat over these matters. You may make up your mind to sleep little. I have a great deal to say, and as much to ask."

While Madame Baudoin was preparing a glass of hot wine and water for the orphans, some one knocked; but before Agricola reached the door, it was opened, and a man, tolerably well-dressed, entered, fixing his eyes upon the orphans.

"After knocking," Agricola said, confronting the man, "you might have waited till the door was opened to you. What do you want?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," said the stranger, speaking slowly, that he might have time to examine the interior of the room. "I beg a thousand pardons. I am sorry at my indiscretion."

"Well, well, sir. What do you want here?"

"Does Mdlle. Soliveau, a humpbacked workwoman, live here?"

"No, sir, she lives up stairs—"

"O, sir," said the stranger, with extreme politeness. "I am confused, sir, at my awkward mistake. I again beg a thousand pardons. I also beg madame's pardon, the young ladies' pardon, and the gentleman's pardon."

"If you continue long thus, sir, you will require to make an excuse for the length of your excuses. As for Mdlle. Soliveau, she is under our special charge, and it is too late for you to see her to-night—call to-morrow."

At these words, which were sharply

spoken, Rose and Blanche smiled, and Dagobert twisted his moustaches in pride, saying to his wife, "Bravo! my boy has a spirit; ah! I suppose you are accustomed to it."

The ceremonious stranger cast a long last look upon the orphans, Dagobert, and Agricola, and left the room.

A few minutes after, Madame Baudoin, with maternal solicitude, spread a mattress on the ground for herself, and made her bed with linen as white as snow for the orphans. Agricola, with his father, was passing the door of the Mayeux's room to reach his own chamber, when the poor girl, hidden in the shade, said, in such a low voice that the blacksmith alone could hear, "Agricola, you must speak to me to night. Danger is threatening you."

A few minutes after the polite stranger had left the house of Madame Baudoin, he was seen approaching a coach stationed at the Cloisters of St. Mary. In the interior of the coach sat M. Rodin, enveloped in a mantle. "Well, what have you learnt?"

"The two young girls and the man with the grey moustaches entered Frances Baudoin's. Before knocking at the door, I, in listening, heard them say, that the young girls would sleep in Frances Baudoin's room, and that the old fellow with the grey moustaches would take a share of that of the blacksmith."

"Good! now hasten to Frances Baudoin's confessor, and tell him that I am waiting his arrival in the Rue du Milieu des Ursins, that I wish to see him *instantier*, on matters of the utmost importance."

"All this will be faithfully executed," replied the man of politeness, bowing profoundly.

CHAPTER XV.—AGRICOLA AND THE MAYEUX.

An hour after these different scenes had transpired, the most profound silence reigned in the Rue Brise-Miche. A flickering light, which escaped by the crevices of a small door, announced that the Mayeux had not yet retired to rest. The poor girl, seated on her bed, her face pale from sudden emotion, her eyes full of tears, her head inclined towards the door as if waiting with impatience to hear the step of Agricola, was holding a letter in her hand. A door, at last, was softly opened, and Agricola entered.

"I was waiting till my father fell asleep," said the blacksmith. "But what is the matter, my good Mayeux; how pale you are? you weep. What danger is this that frightens you so much?"

"Read!" said the Mayeux, in a tremulous voice, handing him the letter which she held in her hand.

"A person who cannot make himself known, and who knows the brotherly interest that you take in Agricola Baudoin, warns you that this honest and industrious mechanic will probably be arrested to-morrow. His song of the 'Labourer's Rights' has been criminated, and several copies have been found in a secret society, whose leaders have been imprisoned."

"Alas!" cried the poor Mayeux, in tears, "I now understand all. The man that the dyer spoke about was watching your return."

"Pshaw!" said Agricola, throwing the letter on the table with disdain, "the accusation is absurd. Do not be uneasy, my good Mayeux. I never write political verses. Mine breathe only a love for humanity. Can I prevent my songs from being sung in a secret society?"

"Read on, Agricola."

"Well, since you wish it, I will do so."

"A writ of habeas corpus has been issued against Agricola Baudoin. Without doubt his innocence will be made known sooner or later; but he will do well to put himself out of the reach of his pursuers to prevent himself from being imprisoned for two or three months, which would be a fearful stroke for his poor mother, whom he supports."

"A SINCERE FRIEND, WHO CANNOT AT PRESENT DIVULGE HIS NAME."

Silence reigned for a few minutes, which was broken by Agricola, who, shrugging his shoulders, said, "Do not be uneasy. Some one has imagined that it was the first of April, and wished to make a fool of me before the time. My songs only extol the delights of labour and of charity. If justice be blind, we must get a dog and leading-string for her, that she may be enabled to go ahead."

"Agricola," said the young girl, despairingly, uneasy at the jocular mood of the hearty blacksmith, "I entreat you to listen to me. It is true that your songs breathe the holy delights of labour; but they they also deplore the unjust lot of the poor workman, who is subjected, without a ray of hope, to all the miseries of life. They speak of the evangelical brotherhood, but your good and noble heart identifies itself in the lines which follow against wicked and hypocritical impostors, and against the yoke in which the majority of employers have enthralled the working classes. Well, Agricola, if at such a time as this, several of those songs have been found on men who have been arrested, you may fear the consequences."

At these sensible words, spoken with all the fervour of an affectionate heart, Agricola said, "Perhaps you are right, my good Mayeux."

"Do you not remember Reni, who was imprisoned for a month, because a person who was convicted of a conspiracy had a letter of his in his pocket. O! Agricola, weigh well what I am saying to you. If you were imprisoned—your mother—your father—what would become of them without the fruits of your labour?"

"What you say of Reni is true. He was imprisoned, still he was innocent. To be a month without working. What would become of my father and mother, my good Mayeux—the very idea frightens me."

"Agricola," cried the poor girl, "you must apply to Mr. Hardy. He is a good man, and is esteemed by all. If he were to give security for your appearance, perhaps they would not imprison you."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Hardy is from home; and as for the precaution of the letter, it matters little. I might as well be in prison as under hiding. I would lose my work either way."

"Alas! that is true," said the Mayeux. "What is to be done?"

Agricola buried his face in his hands, and the Mayeux, with tears in her eyes, remained silent. At length she started up, saying, "Agricola, you're saved, you're saved."

"What do you say?"

"Yes, yes. The young lady that gave you that lovely flower has, without doubt, a generous heart. You must go to her—"

No sooner had the poor girl spoken these words, which were uttered with emotion, than two large tears started to her eyes, and rolled down her pale cheeks. The poor creature, for the first time in her life, felt a pang of jealousy. Another woman was fortunate enough to have it in her power to aid him whom *she* adored! *she*, poor, impotent, miserable creature.

"Do you think so. But what could that young lady do?"

"She told you to remember her name, and address, and if you required anything, to apply to her. That young lady, from her position in society, must have friends who will be able to protect you when they know your innocence."

"You are right, my poor Mayeux," said Agricola, sadly. "If that young lady should render me this service, and if security be required to preserve me from prison, I shall be prepared . . . But no, I can not apply to that young lady. What right have I for so doing. What signifies the service that I rendered her when compared with that which I demand."

"Do you think, Agricola, that a generous heart balances the services that it receives with those that it can render. Believe me, I can vouch for that which relates to the heart. I am but a poor creature, who ought not to compare herself to

any one. I have nothing, I can do nothing. Well, Agricola, I am sure that that young lady so much above me, will feel even as I do in this instance; yes, she will understand your cruel position, and she will do that with joy which I so willingly would do, were it in my power. Alas, alas, to be devoted, without the power of rendering assistance!"

There was something in these words—expressed with intense feeling—in the contrast which the obscure, infirm, miserable, and disdained Mayeux drew between herself, and Adrienne Cardoville, the type of splendour, beauty, and opulence, that moved Agricola to tears. Stretching forth his hand, and pressing that of the Mayeux, he said, "How kind you are! Besides being endowed with a good heart and good sense, there is something noble in you!"

"Unfortunately, I can only give you advice."

"And your advice shall be followed, my good Mayeux, for it springs from a noble soul: you have overcome my scruples by trying to persuade me that the heart of Adrienne Cardoville is as good as thine."

The Mayeux remained silent; her heart beat with pleasing emotions. There are certain creatures, decreed by fate to suffer, who experience grief unknown to the world at large; still there are delights which they alone feel. The least tender word at once reaches the hearts of these poor things, who are customarily reviled and treated with disdain.

"You will go to-morrow. At the break of day I shall watch at the bottom of the stair, and will let you know if I see any one."

"You are a good girl. Stop, I think I hear my father."

"Agricola, are you asleep, my boy?" reached the ears of the blacksmith.

"Be quick," said the Mayeux, "your absence might make your father uneasy. Do not leave to-morrow till I tell you if I have seen any one."

When Agricola had shut the door after him, the poor girl, without taking off her clothes, threw herself upon her bed, and waited with anguish the dawn of day, that she might bestir herself in the cause of Agricola. Sleep closed not the eyelids of the Mayeux. At times her thoughts would revert to the conversation that she had had with the man whom she loved in secret, and she wondered if she had been graceful, and beautiful, and had been loved with as pure and devoted a love as she had for him, what would have been the difference. But knowing that she could never experience the sweet delights of mutual love, she consoled herself with the hope, that at

all events she might be useful to Agricola. —At the break of day, the Mayeux rose, and stole down stairs.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE BREAK OF DAY.

The old soldier rose with the dawn, shaved and dressed himself with military exactitude, then, fixing his eyes upon his son, with an expression of inward joy, said, "What! you are mocking me, are you? You wear moustaches, my boy. What a fine grenadier you would make! Had you never a desire to be a soldier?"

"My mother—"

"Ah, that's true; but I think the time for the sword is gone by, and we old chaps are only fit to be put by the chimney corner like old rusty guns. We have had our time."

"Yes, your time of heroism and of glory," said Agricola. "Do you know, that I am proud in being your son."

"Well, my boy, your old father is proud of you. But how do you get on with M. Hardy. Is he kind to you?"

"Kind! why, father, there is not a more generous, nor a more just man in the kingdom. Compared with other workshops, his is, indeed, a paradise. Joy is depicted in the countenances of all those whom he employs. Every one there, works with vigour, and with pleasure too."

"Ah, then your M. Hardy must be a magician."

"Yes, father, he knows how to make labour attractive. Besides a fair salary, he gives each a share of his profits, so that every one does his best. But that is not all; he has constructed airy buildings for the workmen, and lets them at a low rate."

"It is truly said that Paris is the place of wonders; and here I am, never to leave you nor my good little wife."

"No, my father, we shall never part," said Agricola, suppressing a sigh; "my mother and I will try to make you forget all you have suffered."

"Suffered! Who the deuce has suffered? Look me in the face. Now tell me if I look like one who has suffered much. By the road, since I placed my foot here, I feel myself a young man. You will see shortly how I can walk. I'll wager that I'll leave you behind me. Ah, my boy, how the people will look at us, and when they see your black moustaches and my grey ones, they will say, 'there goes the father and son.' Come, let us see our day's work. You will write to Marshal Simon's father, stating that his granddaughters have arrived, and that he must hasten to Paris, to settle affairs of importance respecting them. While you are writing, I will go down and bid my wife and the two girls good morning. We shall eat a mouthful; your mo-

ther will go to mass; and you and I shall take a walk."

"Oh, my father," cried Agricola, with embarrassment, "I can't accompany you this morning."

"How, you cannot. It is Sunday."

"Still I cannot," said Agricola, with confusion. "I promised to return to the shop to finish a job that was in a hurry. If I did not keep my promise, M. Hardy might suffer by it. I shall soon return."

"Ah, that's different," said the soldier, with apparent grief. "I thought I would walk through all Paris with you this morning. It is vexing, very annoying. But I'm wrong. How soon we give up ourselves to joy. Here am I grumbling about a walk being postponed for a few hours—I who for eighteen years desired nothing better than seeing you, without counting upon anything else—I am an old fool. Hurrah for joy and my Agricola." And, to console himself, he pressed his son affectionately in his arms.

That caress affected poor Agricola, who thought every moment that the fears of the Mayeux would be realised.

"Now that I am myself again," said Dagobert, "let us speak of affairs. Do you know where I will find the addresses of all the notaries in Paris?"

"I do not know; but it will be easy to find a list of their names."

"I will tell you how I want it. When in Russia I sent by the post, and by order of the mother of those children, certain important papers to a notary in Paris. As I was to call upon him on my arrival, I wrote his name and address in my portfolio, which, unfortunately, was stolen from me on the road. I have forgotten the name, but if I saw the list, I think I could pick it out."

Two knocks were heard at the door, which startled Agricola. He thought that it was some one who had come to arrest him. The father, not observing the emotion of his son, said, in a loud voice, "Come in."

(To be continued).

THE FOOTSTEPS OF COWPER.

The editor of "Sam Sly's Journal," published at Cape Town, a very agreeable and powerful writer, seems, notwithstanding a lengthened residence in Africa, to have a lively recollection of home. There is something not a little interesting in the manner in which we find him fondly recalling lovely scenes in England, and identifying them with our poetry. The Israelites, when exiles in captivity could not endure the lays of Zion. Our English wanderer, not a captive like those who mournfully sat down by

the waters of Babylon, seems to derive the sweetest consolation from associating his thoughts with the poetry of his native land. From an article continued through several numbers of his journal, under the title of "The Footsteps of Cowper," pleasing exhibition of his taste and enthusiasm.

"The year 1782 was an eventful period in the life of the poet. In March his first volume issued from the press; in the summer, Parson Bull engaged him in the translation of Madame Guion, and by means of a small portable printing press, given him by Lady Austen, who had returned from London to Clifton, he became a printer as well as a writer of poetry.' Before the close of the year, Lady Austen was settled in the parsonage at Olney—when we knew it, occupied by the Rev. Henry Gauntlett—so that there was plenty of chattering, gossiping, and walking to and from 'Silver End.' In fact, Mr. Unwin is informed, in a letter which he received from the poet, in January, 1783, that 'they passed their days alternately at each other's chateau.' But this intimacy, it appears, only lasted two years, for in 1784 they separated. Now, whether the old women in 'Silver End,' seeing so many ladies entering the poet's house, and so few gentlemen, began to whisper and make long necks over their tea-cups—whether the *Scan. Mag.* in consequence were published, and put into brisk circulation—or whether the 'green-eyed monster' wormed himself into the thoughts of Mrs. Unwin, and induced her to hint to her inamorata, her jealousy of the interest and attentions excited and shewn elsewhere (the slightest hint from whom would have been sufficient to shake off a thousand interlopers, however captivating and intellectual, in favour of his bosom friend), we dare not take upon ourselves to determine. But so it was, as before expressed, that Lady Austen *did* absent herself suddenly and continuously; brought about, no doubt, by the delicate suggestions of the poet, in which transaction his biographer says, 'that while it by no means lowered the character of either of the ladies, it exceedingly elevated that of Cowper.' One cannot but admire the purity and spotlessness of that mind, with fortitude and caution adequate to the avoidance of the mere appearance of mischief, but this was the characteristic of the man,

'Whose virtues formed the magic of his song.'

"But suppose we here take a book in hand, and follow the poet from his own writings to *Weston*, and his favourite '*Alcove*.' Well, there he goes! with his dog, '*Beau*,' and Mrs. Unwin is leaning upon his arm. Now he is turning '*Talbot's Corner*,' then he crosses over to old *Stow's*, the shoemaker (who with his sons, perhaps, whistle him a trio as he passes, for they

were always at it), now he is quitting *Whitlock's* timber-yard, and the *Misses Smith's Alms' Houses*—erected under the superintendence of old *Palmer*, the ironmonger—and the *Feoffee* grounds, and is soon out of the parish of *Olney*. He now makes a pause upon a rising spot—we know it well—and is looking over the meadows to the left, referring and reminding his companion of the scene. Let us just keep back a little, and listen to what he says:—

‘And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter, I perceive
Fast lock’d in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well tried virtues could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou know’st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjur’d up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon this eminence our pace
Has slacken’d to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling winds, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated dwelt upon the scene.
Hence, with what pleasure have we just discern’d
The distant plough slow moving; and beside
His labouring team that swerv’d not from the
track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o’er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast-rooted in their bank,
Stand, never over-looked, our favourite *elms*
That screen the herdsman’s solitary hut;
While far beyond, and over-thwart the stream,
That as with molten glass, inlays the vale.
The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
Displaying on its varied side, the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless—square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list’ning ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.’

“Bravo! Cowper, thine is a beautiful and perfect landscape—distinct and clear—no dash of the pencil could render it more vivid or more correct.”

MADRE DOLOROSA.

The strange inventions of other times for punishing heretics, have been written on so often, that it might have been supposed no novelty, in the way of torture, could be imagined or discovered. Mr. Schoberl, however, in his recent publication, gives something of the kind. According to him:—

“In the year 1808, in a recess in a subterraneous vault, contiguous to the private hall for examination, stood a wooden figure, made by the hands of monks, and representing the Virgin Mary. A gilded glory encompassed her head, and in her right hand she held a banner. It struck us all, at first sight, that, notwithstanding the silken robe, descending on each side in ample folds from her shoulders, she should wear a sort of cuirass. On closer scrutiny, it appeared that the forepart of the body was stuck full of extremely sharp nails and

small knife-blades, with the points of both turned towards the spectator. The arms and hands were joined, and machinery behind the partition set the figure in motion. One of the servants of the inquisition was compelled, by command of the general, to work the *machine*, as he termed it. When the figure extended her arms, as though to press some one most lovingly to her heart, the well-filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier was made to supply the place of a living victim. The statue hugged it closer and closer; and when the attendant, agreeably to orders, made the figure unclasp her arms, and return to her former position, the knapsack was perforated to the depth of two or three inches, and remained hanging on the points of the nails and knife-blades. To such an infernal purpose, and in a building erected in honour of the true faith, was the Madonna rendered subversive!—she, the immaculate and the blessed, who transfused celestial grace into the pencils of the greatest painters, and the highest charm of which art is susceptible into the walks of the most eminent sculptors. One of the familiars (as they are called) of the inquisition gave us an account of the customary mode of proceeding on using this machine. The substance of his report was as follows:—Persons accused of heresy, or blaspheming God or the saints, and obstinately refusing to confess their guilt, were conducted into this cellar, at the further end of which numerous lamps, placed round a recess, threw a variegated light on the gilded glory, and on the head of the figure, and on the flag in her right hand. At a little altar, standing opposite to her, and hung with black, the prisoner received the sacrament; and two ecclesiastics earnestly admonished him, in the presence of the mother of God, to make a confession. ‘See,’ said they, ‘how lovingly the blessed Virgin opens her arms to thee!—on her bosom thy hardened heart will be melted—there thou wilt confess.’ All at once the figure began to raise her extended arms—the prisoner, overwhelmed with astonishment, was led to her embraces—she drew him nearer and nearer, pressed him almost imperceptibly closer and closer, till the spikes and knives pierced his breast. Either agony or terror extorted a confession from the writhing wretch, or if he still withheld it, he remained insensible in the arms of the figure, while the blood trickled from a hundred small but not mortal wounds. Oil and healing balsam were applied to them: and on a carpet spread at the feet of the figure, in the vault now brilliantly lighted up, he was left to come to himself. If this experiment failed, he was remanded to his dungeon, there, probably, to await fresh tortments. It deserves remark, that the barbarians, by a perversion of language worthy of Satan

himself, gave this machine of torture the appellation of *Madre dolorosa*—not the afflicted, but the afflicting mother."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF POWERSCOURT.



Arms.—Ar., on a bend, gu., cottised, sa., three pair of wings, conjoined in livre, of the field.
Crest.—A demi eagle, rising, wings expanded, ar., looking at the sun in its glory.
Supporters.—Two pegasus, ar., winged, maned and hooped, or.
Motto.—*Fidelite est de Dieu*, "Fidelity is from God."

The Wingfields are an ancient family, and have been connected with many scenes of historical importance. The name is derived from the manor of Wingfield, county of Suffolk, where the progenitors of this family are stated to have been located before the Conquest, and the place of their abode denominated Wingfield Castle. Camden says, that this manor gave both a name and a seat to a large family in those parts, famous for their knighthood and ancient gentility, which brought forth an abundance of renowned knights, and among them two celebrated companions of the order of the Garter in the reign of Henry VIII.

Sir Richard Wingfield, lineally descended from the Wingfields, of Leatheringham, in Suffolk, was a personage of high military reputation, and commenced his career under his uncle, the lord-deputy Sir William Fitzwilliam, in the civil wars in Ireland. He was afterwards engaged upon the Continent, and returning to Ireland, was appointed by queen Elizabeth, in 1600, marshal of that kingdom, which office was confirmed to him by James I, and he was at the same time called to his majesty's privy council. In 1613, Sir William was joined in the government of Ireland, and again, in 1622, having in the interim been elevated to the peerage of that kingdom (February 19, 1618), by the title of viscount Powerscourt, but died without issue in 1634, when the dignity expired, while the estates devolved upon his cousin, Sir Edward Wingfield, who was a distinguished soldier under the earl of Essex,

and a person of great power and influence in Ireland. He died in 1638, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard Wingfield, esquire, of Powerscourt, who was succeeded by his only son, Tulliot Wingfield, esquire, in whose favour the viscounty of Powerscourt was revived by patent, dated February 22, 1665. This nobleman deceased without issue, in 1717, and the peerage again expired, while the estates passed to his cousin, Edward Wingfield, esquire, barrister-at-law, who had one son and two daughters. The son, Richard Wingfield, esquire, of Powerscourt, M.P., was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, February 4, 1743, by the titles of baron Wingfield and viscount Powerscourt. He married twice, and had two sons, Edward and Richard, the second and third viscounts, and two daughters. On his death, Edward, second viscount, succeeded to the title. He died unmarried, when the honours devolved upon his only brother Richard, third viscount, who married Emilia, daughter of John, earl of Aldborough, and had three sons and three daughters. On his death, in 1788, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard, fourth viscount, who died July 19, 1809, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard, fifth viscount, born September 11, 1790. His lordship married, February 6, 1813, Frances Theodosia, eldest daughter of Robert, second earl of Roden, by whom (who died in 1820) he had issue, Richard, the late viscount, and Catherine Anne. His lordship married a second time, in 1822, Theodosia, daughter of the Honourable Hugh Howard, and niece of the earl of Wicklow, but had no other issue. He died August 9, 1823. He was succeeded by his son, Richard Wingfield, born January 18, 1815, married January 21, 1836, lady Elizabeth Frances Charlotte Jocelyn, daughter of the earl of Roden. He had issue, Meroyne, born October 13, 1836, Maurice Richard, born January 15, 1839. On his death a few months since, he was succeeded by the present peer, who is of course still in his minority.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CAMPBELL.

By MRS. H. W. RITCHIE.

Another lyre hath hush'd its farewell tone,
 From life's still changing sky a light has gone!
 Poet—who sang so well of hope's sweet ray,
 Still beckoning sorrow to her starry way;
 What lays but thine have taught so well her power,
 To smooth the rugged toils of life's lone hour,
 The way-worn pilgrim's sadness to beguile,
 And bid the future's dowerly promise smile!
 Hope, ever prompt to smooth the brow of care,
 And clear the gathering shadows from despair.
 For far, how far, beyond the bounds of time,
 Thy numbers swell, and on their way sublime,
 Led by the angel Hope, that world explore,
 Where ransomed millions fill the peaceful shore,
 Where every sound of mourning dies away,

And souls rejoice in Heaven's eternal day.
 Shall not thy name with Hope's green wreath be
 turned,
 And live, 'till song itself shall be resigned !
 We owe thy memory love, for tranquil hours
 Beguiled by thee in fancy's fairy bowers.
 A world all beauty—peaceful and serene,
 Where groves and woodlands own perpetual green,
 Far o'er the Atlantic Isles thy muse could fling
 Its own sweet magic, over "Wyoming,"
 And Gertrude's peerless grace again recall,
 Where now "the heath-flower decks the ruin'd
 wall."

How long o'er Indian wilds will fancy view
 That home where dwelt the loving and the true !
 But thou art gather'd to the dust, where rest,
 Of mind's high heritage, the noblest, best,
 Receive him to your band, departed throng,
 Who once like him awoke the chords of song.
 No murmured greetings from the tombs arise,
 But moveless on each breast the marble lies,
 That once was "tremblingly alive all o'er,"
 But thought and feeling wake each pulse no more !
 Meet honour gives that place of tombs to thee,
 Who hadst hope cheer our earthly destiny,
 And o'er the gloomy grave pursue her way,
 Led on by steadfast Faith's unchanging ray.
 Farewell ! each gentle spirit sheds the tear
 Of grateful sorrow over Campbell's bier !

The Gatherer.

Composition of the Blood.—Sir Everard Home discovered that carbonic acid gas forms a large proportion of the blood, and that this fluid is a tubular structure. The tubes passing through every particle of the blood, Sir Everard found by observing the growth of a grain of wheat daily through a microscope; he first saw a blob, and then a tube passing from it; the blob was the juice of the plant, and the tube was formed by the extrication of carbonic acid gas. Reasoning from analogy, he examined a globule of blood, and found it composed of similar tubes, which he was enabled to inject under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump.

Jewish Weddings.—*The Oxford Herald* says—"The Jewish law sanctions very early marriages. Males of the age of thirteen years and one day are allowed to marry, and females at a year younger. The Jews hold it a direct sin against the commandment, "Be thou fruitful and multiply," if they are not married in their eighteenth year. The modern ceremonial deviates considerably from the ancient, but the rabbis contend that the ceremonies observed are those which were followed at the wedding of Tobias.

Fecundity of Herrings.—It is stated that a single herring, if suffered to multiply, unmolested and undiminished, for twenty years, would show a progeny greater in bulk than ten such globes as that we live upon.

Cleaning Silks.—The following directions for cleaning silks are by one of the first Parisian dyers:—Half a pound of soft soap, a tea-spoonful of brandy, and a pint of gin;

mix all well together; with a sponge or flannel spread the mixture on each side of the silk without creasing it; wash it in two or three waters, and iron it on the wrong side—it will then look as good as new.

Distinguishing Marks of Royalty.—The Queen of Wurtemberg seems remarkable for nothing but changing her dress three times a day, and never wearing the same gown twice.—*Mrs. Shelley's Travels in Germany and Italy.*

A Natural Mistake.—The late witty Samuel William Riley, author of the *Itinerant*, seeing a proud and solemn calf of sixty, swelling down Lord Street, Liverpool, accosted him, politely touching his hat, "Excuse me, sir, stopping you in the street, but I just wished to inquire the rent of the house No. 13, Great George Street?" "Sir," replied his Haughtiness, "I have no house in Great George Street." "Oh ! I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Mr. R., "I thought all the town belonged to you!"

A Committee on the Heart.—Awful times those were, when a committee may be appointed to inquire into the secrets of a single heart. This, however, has occurred. In May, a heart was discovered in the Sanite Chapelle, Paris, which gave rise to some controversy on the question, who had been its original possessor. The chemists of the public delivered the opinion of the Academy on the subject. Then on the point, whether this could be the heart of Saint Louis, as one side of the argument affirmed. The Academy appointed a committee to examine the evidence, material and documentary. The committee having brought their labours to a close, report to the Academy that there is no authority whatever for believing the heart in question to be that of Saint-Louis.

Weber the Composer.—Some interesting facts connected with the name of this eminent musician have been published. His son, who came to London for the purpose of removing the remains of the composer to Dresden, waited on the clergy of the Catholic Chapel, Moorfields, where Weber was buried. The visitor being introduced into the chamber where his father died, was surprised to find that all things had been left there as at the moment when the great artist expired. On the desk at which he wrote, lies an unfinished rondo for the piano, on which he worked on the day before he died. The coffin was opened for the son, in presence of these priests; and the body, though not embalmed, appeared in a complete state of preservation. Herr Weber caused a model of the features to be taken, and casts have been sent to Dresden.

Bridge at Warsaw.—The progress of the great bridge over the Vistula, which has

been retarded from the deficiency of funds, has received an accelerated movement, owing to a circumstance, which, in the days of superstition, must have conferred a character of great sanctity on the work. In proceeding to the demolition of a small and very ancient Catholic chapel, to clear the approach on the Warsaw side, two barrels filled with bars of fine gold have been discovered. The value is estimated at a million and a half of florins (upwards of £150,000 sterling), and the whole has been appropriated to the completion of the bridge. [It is to be hoped that this singular bridge story is not the invention of some arch wag.]

The Polka.—This dance which has become so famous at Paris, is of recent Bohemian origin. A peasant girl, servant to a citizen in Elbekosteleitz, a town three hours distance from Prague, was on a Sunday dancing for her pastime, at the same time accompanying her steps with an air of her own fancy. The schoolmaster and organist, Joseph Neruda, having observed her movements, composed an air adapted thereto. The dance was afterwards, for the first time, performed in public at Elbekosteleitz; from thence it was introduced into Prague, where it obtained the name of Polka, thence migrated to Paris, where it acquired much celebrity, and finally extended itself to London, New York, and all the great towns on this and the other side of the Atlantic. The girl, the inventor of this far-famed dance, is now married in her native country. [She ought to have had something handsome for her copy-right.]

Pleasure Grounds at Manchester.—A society for the preservation of ancient foot-paths has saved the labouring classes of Manchester many a shady lane and pleasant meadow path, on which the genius of monopoly had set its eye. In the same town, it is now proposed to raise by subscription a sum of 50,000*l.*, for the purchase of fields and gardens, to make fresh walks and pleasure-grounds for the manufacturing population. To this fund Sir Robert Peel has contributed 1,000*l.*

Novel Cure for Consumption.—The *Ober Post Ampte Zeitung* has the following:—"The surgical operations of Dr. Von Herff, have, in several instances, effected a decided cure in cases of tubercular pulmonary consumption, *pothises tuberculosa*. The seat of the ulceration having been ascertained by the stethoscope, the matter is discharged outwardly by an incision being made in the cavity of the breast, penetrating the lungs. The cure is finally effected by medicine injected into the wound by a syringe. We have hitherto refrained from making known these operations, as we wish to

await the results; but we are now enabled to affirm with confidence that in several instances the operations have obtained the most complete success, and in no case have been attended any danger of life."

Captain Warner's Secret.—M. Jobbard, of Brussels, has communicated to the French government what he states to be the composition of Captain Warner's destructive power. "It consists," says he, "of a Congreve rocket made in this way: the head of it is composed of a hollow iron cone, of great strength, containing a kilogramme of fulminate of mercury, on which is placed the usual charge of the rocket, of which the body is twice as long as those generally in use. He discharges his projectile from a directing tube from the porthole of the vessel, and on a level with the water, so that his projectile, skimming along the waves, which support a part of its weight, fixes itself in the side of the enemy's vessel, where it bursts when the fire reaches the fulminating powder, and making an immense opening in it, sinks it at once. The proper range of this rocket is three or four miles, but Captain Warner imagines he can send it five or six, by discharging it from a cannon. He does not say that he will attain his object in the first attempt, but he will try on until he succeeds." [He means at the expense of government. The duke of Normanby is willing to do the same thing, till he sends a projectile from London to St. Petersburg.]

An Englishman in Damascus.—In the principal streets of Damascus there is a path for foot-passengers, which is raised, I think, a foot or two above the bridle road. Until the arrival of the British Consul-general, none but a Mussulman had been permitted to walk on the upper way: Mr. Farren would not, of course, suffer that the humiliation of any such an exclusion should be submitted to by an Englishman, and I always walked upon the raised path as free and unmolested as if I had been striding through Bond-street: the old usage was, however, maintained with as much strictness as ever against the Christian Rayahs and Jews; not one of them could set his foot upon the privileged path without endangering his life. I was lounging, one day, I remember, along "the paths of the faithful," when a Christian Rayah from the bridle-road below saluted me with such earnestness, and craved so anxiously to speak, and be spoken to, that he soon brought me to a halt; he had nothing to tell, except the glory and exultation with which he saw a fellow Christian stand level with the imperious Mussulmans.

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